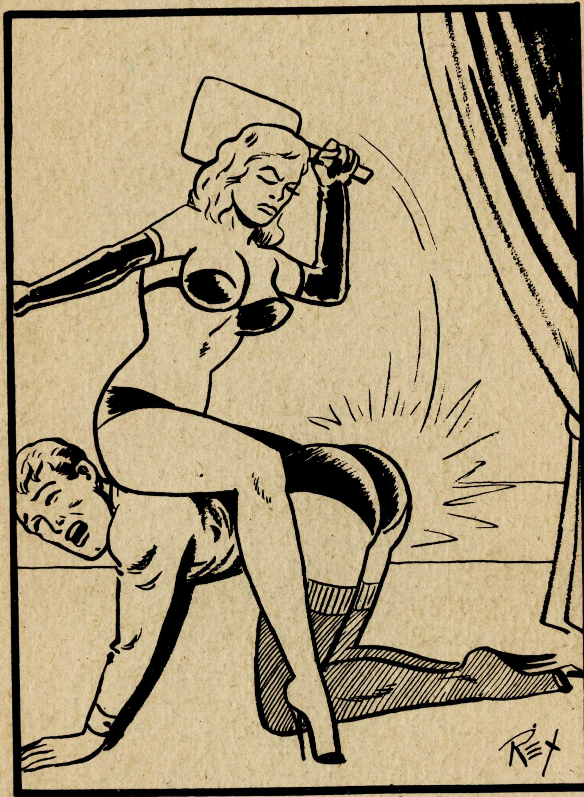
Man At Her Feet!



FULLY ILLUSTRATED

MAN AT HER FEET

by Evelyn Astin

"Terry, step into my office please," the young shoe salesman heard Mrs. Treadwell, his employer, command. Puzzled, he followed the tall and shapely woman through the heavy, panelled door.

In the office sat a slender, graceful-looking woman, a rich-looking white stole of ermine lending smart contrast to her black silk dress. Terry recognized her as a customer he had waited on last week.

"Is this the salesman?" Mrs. Treadwell asked her visitor.

In a low, throaty voice she replied, "He is." She turned to Terry. "Miss Shoemaker here tells me that you sold her a pair of shoes that did not fit her satisfactorily, Terry." Some new quality in Mrs. Treadwell's voice sent shivers up his spine. "She is a member of our local Boot and Shoe Society, making that a most serious charge."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Treadwell," and turning, "Miss Shoemaker. I'll try to fit you better next time," Terry apologized. But this was not enough.

"I'm afraid this young man hasn't developed the proper reverence for shoes," the visitor told his employer. "He doesn't handle them respectfully like precious jewels. In fact I question whether he realizes how important it is to we women to be properly served and fitted."

"I've apologized," Terry reminded her, "what else can I do?"

Ignoring him, Miss Shoemaker continued: "It is my considered opinion that he would benefit from a special training session and I propose that we begin it right now."

"I anticipated that," Mrs. Treadwell said. "We are ready."

Something in their voices made Terry dart to the door and turn the handle. But nothing happened. "You will leave this office when I grant you permission, Terry," Mrs. Treadwell said, "not before then."

A senseless sort of fear gripped the sturdy young man. What could these two mere women do to harm him? He smiled at them. "Okay, then. I'm ready for my training session."

Miss Shoemaker stared into his eyes calmly. He had never looked into eyes as beautiful as hers. The lashes were heavy and dark, the eyes an intense, deep blue darker around the irises. He tried to pull his glance away and found it was impossible. "Kneel!" she commanded.

Involuntarily he found himself slowly dropping down on one knee.

"Take my foot into your hands!"

Tenderly, gently, his hands cradled a lovely foot wearing a soft black kid shoe of perfect fit, graced with a high, impossibly slender heel. Terry was aware of the dark gray, sheer nylon hose she wore. Something electric penetrated him as his fingers touched the kid leather. He raised the foot a few inches off the ground.

"Bend down and kiss the toe."

As he obeyed, he felt a wild hammering in his heart. It was with reluctance that he withdrew his lips from the smooth, fragrant leather.

"Prostrate yourself on the floor, your arms outstretched, palms up," Miss Shoemaker ordered. Automatically he obeyed her. She stepped on his prone body to cross it and each of the women then placed a heel in the palm of one of his hands and placed a considerable amount of weight on them. He found himself experiencing a mixture of pain and delight as their weight increased. He felt a twinge of sadness when they freed his hands from the pressure.

"You will now remove our shoes."

Fumbling in his eagerness he removed first Miss Shoemaker's high-heeled pumps, then Mrs. Treadwell's high-heeled red and black springolators. He noted that they had drawn two comfortable chairs a little over two feet apart.

"Now, young man, you will lie on your back, your hands at your sides, your head between our

feet," the deep, disturbing voice of Miss Shoemaker intoned.

He laid there as in a trance while nylon clad toes tickled the insides of his ears, ran playfully across his cheeks, covered his eyes, rested gently at the corners of his mouth. He could hardly contain the excitement he felt. He wanted to reach up and caress the feet, but could not raise his arms from his sides.

His glance noted the sleekness of their legs and the graceful draping of their skirts over their knees. "What pure, exciting beauty this is!" he thought.

As though she could read his mind, Miss Shoemaker said, "I believe this young man is ready for the next phase of his training, Mrs. Treadwell." His employer nodded assent.

"Rise, Terry," Mrs. Treadwell said.

As though awakening from a dream, Terry struggled to his feet, his chest heaving with indescribeable emotion.

"We will perform just a few additional rites before I release you from my will," Miss Shoemaker told Terry again fixing him with her unbearably beautiful eyes. "First I want you to recite for me what you now think of women's feet!"

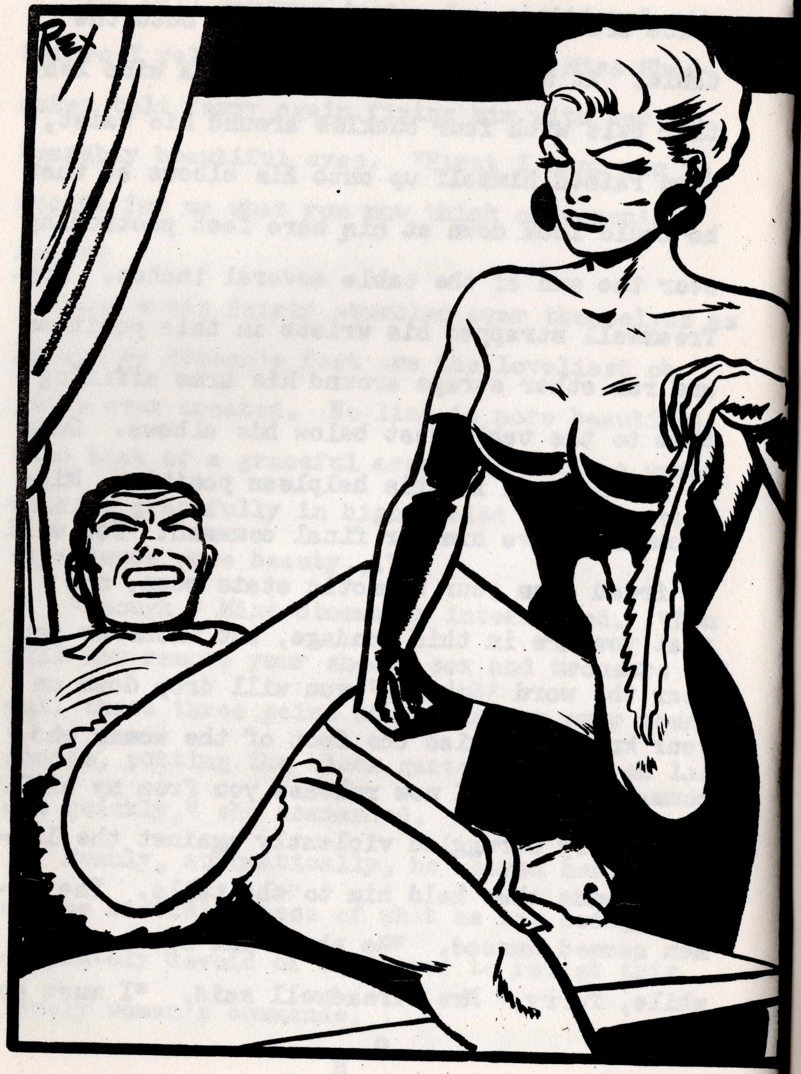
The words fairly stumbled over themselves as he spoke: "Women's feet are the loveliest objects ever created. No line is more beautiful than that of a graceful arch. To watch a woman walking gracefully in high-heeled shoes is to experience pure beauty..."

"Enough," Miss Shoemaker interrupted. "You will now remove your shoes, sox and trousers and pull these three pairs of panties on over your shorts, putting the black garter-panties on last and quickly," she commanded.

Numbly, automatically, he obeyed her, aware of the ridiculousness of what he was doing, yet completely devoid of any power to resist this lovely woman's commands.

"Now onto this table with you," the deep voice ordered, and Terry clambered onto the table. At her command he fastened a wide leather belt with four buckles around his waist, then raised himself up onto his elbows so that he could look down at his bare feet protruding over the end of the table several inches. Mrs. Treadwell strapped his wrists in this position and ran other straps around his arms affixing them to the table just below his elbows. Once he was secured in this helpless position, Miss Shoemaker gave him her final command: "You will be freed from your hypnotic state soon, now that you are in this bondage, but whenever you hear the word 'Submit,' you will drop down on your knees and kiss the foot of the woman who commanded you. I now release you from my will."

Terry struggled violently against the leather bonds that held him to the table. The women seemed amused. "Go ahead and squirm for a while, Terry," Mrs. Treadwell said. "I must go



now and lock up the store. Wouldn't the other clerks and the customers be amazed if they knew what is going on in here now?"

She returned a few minutes later, a large feather in her hand. Terry attempted to kick and evade her grasp, but she soon had both of his feet caught under her left arm.

Then slowly, expertly, she began tickling the feet of the helpless young man. Between the toes the feather passed and its tip found the sensitive area of his inner arch. What a surprising admixture of delight and sensuousness, tickling and laughter to the point of pain Terry experienced! "Stop, please, I beg you," he gasped between spasms of laughter. "Oh, I'll do anything you say -- anything!" he near-screamed. His efforts to free his legs were fruitless. "I'll be your slave. Whip me. Do anything to me," he laugh-sobbed, "but please don't tickle me anymore!"

It seemed hours later before Mrs. Treadwell released him with obvious reluctance. Her magnificent bosom was heaving and her eyes shining with a strange light.

And it was several minutes more before the pain in Terry's sides subsided and his tear-ridden eyes cleared enough to realize that Miss Shoemaker now stood at his feet holding a large pair of women's shoes and a pair of black nylon stockings.

Terror gripped him. "Those shoes and hose -- they're -- they're not for _me_ to wear are they?"

The women smiled at him wickedly. "They most certainly are," Miss Shoemaker's throaty voice said in a quite definite tone.

CHAPTER II

Terry shrank from the pretty woman. "Please," he said, "I never went for anything like this sor of thing. You have me, I admit, but I don't see why we can't...."

"Don't think that feminine things are so bad Terry," Mrs. Treadwell cajoled him. "All we want to do is show you more how we feel. Now I'm going to get a basin of hot water for your pedicure while Miss Shoemaker uses this dainty, feminine electric razor to shave your legs. Please don't struggle. It will do you no good."

Miss Shoemaker took off her ermine stole, looked for someplace to put it, then tucked it possessively around Terry's neck and shoulders. He had to admit to himself that it felt wonderful and she didn't miss the suggestion of a smile that played around the corners of his mouth.

Then she used a huge, feathery powder puff to create a provocative cloud of deliciously fragrant perfume around his legs.

He had dreaded visions of locker room derision as the softly humming pink and gold electric razor Miss Shoemaker wielded nibbled a path of whiteness through the hairs of his legs. He felt her hands on his legs, softly, excitingly, as she gradually completed the task of removing every hair from his legs.

"Hairy legs look just terrible in nylons," Miss Shoemaker explained to him, her gorgeous eyes twinkling mischieviously.

"It figures," the helpless man groaned.

"Why, Terry, you have perfectly beautiful legs," Mrs. Treadwell exclaimed as she returned bearing a large basin of warm, soapy, oiled and scented water. She placed this at the end of the table on which he lay strapped.

"Thank you, Mrs. Treadwell," Terry said, not a trace of jocularity in his voice.

"Did he behave?" she asked Miss Shoemaker.

"Like an angel," she replied. "In fact, I suspect he liked it!"

The two women donned gleaming pink satin smocks with huge bows at the neck while Terry's feet soaked in the basin of water. Then, using pumice stones, they proceeded to rub all the hard, calloused areas off the underside of his big toes and around his heels, making his feet clean, soft and smooth.

He felt his heart pounding inexplicably hard as he underwent these strange ministrations at the hands of the two attractive women. They dried his feet in a pair of soft, pink towels, then, each taking a foot, proceeded to trim and buff his toenails.

"Which shall we use," Mrs. Treadwell asked him, "bright red or pink irridescent polish on your toenails?"

He felt himself blushing hotly as he replied, "I think I'd prefer the pink irridescent, please."

Carefully, expertly, they applied the polish on his toenails. It thrilled him.

After the nail polish dried, Mrs. Treadwell explained the importance of having fingernails well manicured so that nylon hose aren't snagged as they're donned. She showed him how to work the thumbs down into the hosiery all way to the toe and the importance of fitting them snugly over the toe and heel before gradually working them smoothly up the leg. He watched in tantalized fascination as she demonstrated by smoothly dressing him in the dark nylons, then fastening them snugly at the top.

Then she put the high-heeled shoes on his feet. Excited, he studied the graceful arch these gave his feet, how beautiful his legs looked in the unaccustomed feminine attire.

"How do you feel now, Terry?" she asked him, gently.

"Wonderful," he blurted out. "Simply wonderful."

"Then may I safely release you?"

"Oh yes," he replied. "Yes!"

He was eager to learn what it would be like to walkabout on these beautiful, towering heels. Mrs. Treadwell released the straps that bound his wrists, forearms and waist to the table and he struggled to a sitting position.

Gingerly he lowered himself to the ground, still wearing the ermine stole. Then he found that he was walking with his knees excessively bent. The women helped him walk around on the high heels for a few minutes. Then Mrs. Treadwell, Miss Shoemaker and Terry set up a large machine they lugged out of the closet. It looked something like the underside of a tank only the treads covered the whole bottom and were smooth.

"This, Terry, is a treadmill. You will now proceed to walk a mile in those high heels," Mrs. Treadwell said quietly.

Terry turned on her, his eyes blazing. "Like hell I will!" He took a menacing step toward her.

"Submit!" she barked.

Instantly he was on one knee, kissing the foot she imperiously held up for him.

Sensing the humiliation and helplessness of his situation, he rose, covered with shame, handed Miss Shoemaker back her stole, and took his place on the treadmill while they started the motor. Slowly the path below him moved backwards at first, then a little faster. He caught the rythm of the machine.

"Knees straighter," Mrs. Treadwell ordered and Terry obeyed.

"Now your hands on your hips," Miss Shoemaker said. And Terry felt the muscles of his thighs through the panties he was wearing as he walked. His feet were beginning to hurt and again it was necessary to remind him to straighten his knees.

"Bend your elbows and let your wrists go limp," Mrs. Treadwell commanded. Instantly Terry began walking in this effeminate manner.

"You've gone a half-mile already," Miss

Shoemaker said. "Feet hurt?"

"Oh, yes," Terry said, hopefully.

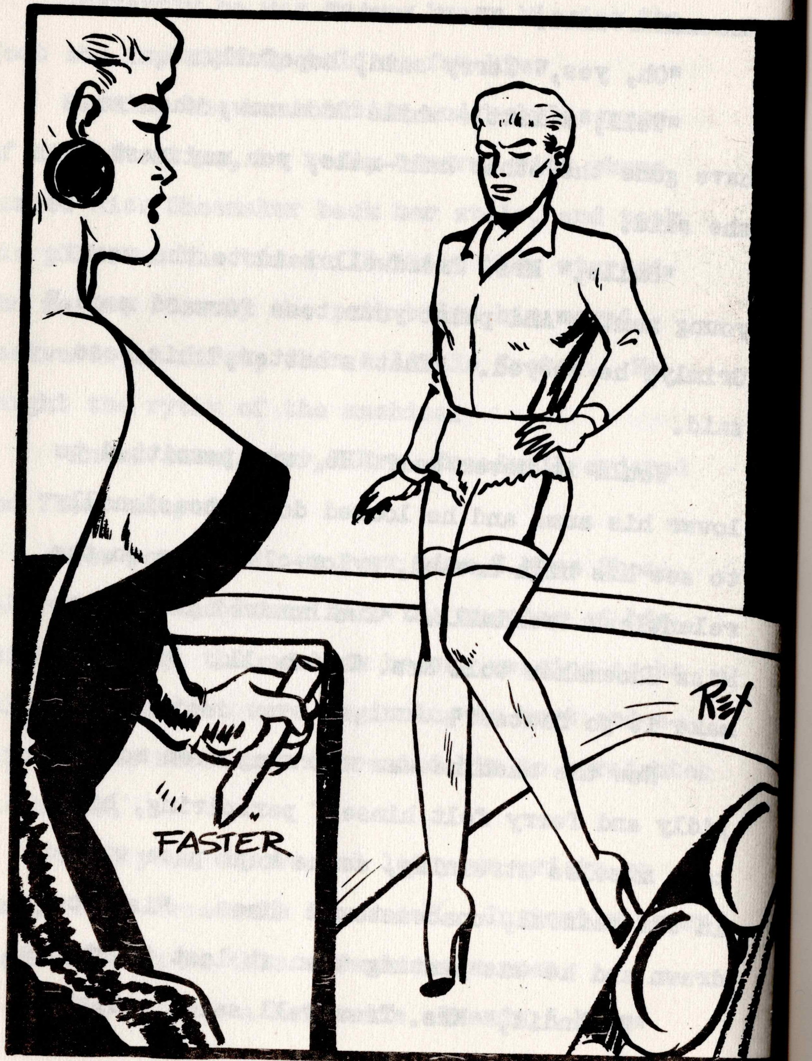
"Well, a little while from now, when you have gone the other half-mile, you may rest," she said.

"Smile," Mrs. Treadwell said to the weary young man. "And point your toes forward more." Grimly, he obeyed. "That's better," his boss said.

Would it never end? He was permitted to lower his arms and he looked down occasionally to see his high-heeled, nylon-clad legs on the relentless treadmill. "Two hundred yards more," Miss Shoemaker told Mrs. Treadwell. "Shall we make it go faster?"

Now the machine was whirring even more rapidly and Terry felt himself perspiring, his taut muscles straining, as he kept pace with it in the painful, unaccustomed shoes. His face wa drawn and he was panting when at last it stopped

"Splendid," Mrs. Treadwell said, satisfied.



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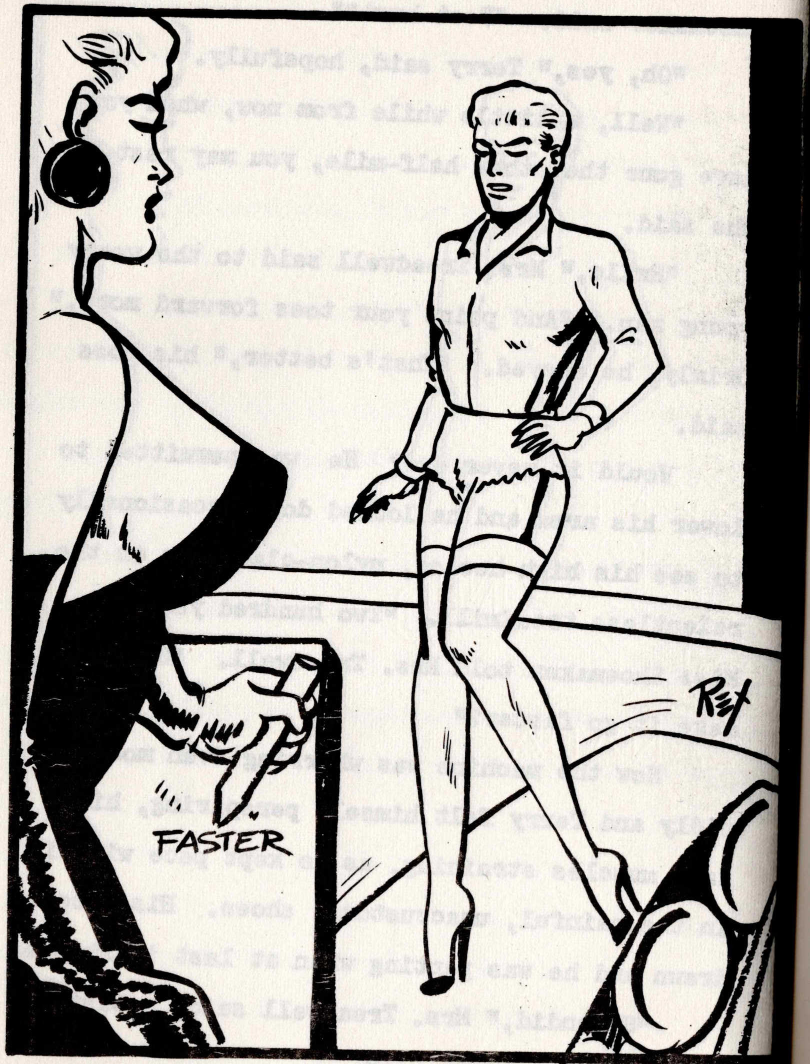

CHAPTER III

They let him rest for awhile and remove his sweaty shirt. He rubbed himself down with a towel and then Mrs. Shoemaker handed him the pin satin smock she had been wearing and ordered him to put it on.

"Terry," she said, "you will now take off my shoes and stockings, shave my legs and give m a pedicure just as you've been given one tonight

Trembling, he asked, "Really? May I?"

She showed him how to remove her nylons wit a steady pull and, kneeling before her he bathed her feet in the warm, scented water, pumiced the gently, buffed her toenails most carefully and applied polish to them. Then he did the same fo Miss Shoemaker.

"Please," he asked, when he had completed the task, "may I take off these high-heeled shoe just for a few minutes?"

"Those were three-inch heels you have been wearing, Terry," Mrs. Treadwell said. "Yes, tak them off for awhile. I want to try you in four-inch ones in a little while."

Resignedly, he struggled to remove the painful shoes from his swolen feet. Then, when he felt pain shoot through his legs as he put his tender feet down on the ground, a new resolve hi him. "Mrs. Treadwell," he said, evenly, "I've put up with enough of this humiliating indignity I hereby resign."

Instead of the expected reaction of anger, Terry was bewildered by the heavy laughter of th two women. They laughed until tears came to the eyes. Then Mrs. Treadwell said, "Terry, if only you knew how ridiculous that sounds. Here you are, wearing women's panties and nylon hose and a pink satin smock with a big bow at the neck. Your toenails are bright pink and your legs are shaved. We've broken down your resistance completely and you try to talk like a man! See that trunk in the corner? It's filled with cast off women's shoes. Climb in there and we'll let you out when we think you've been sufficiently corrected."

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With surprising strength, she caught the young man by the arm and marched him over to a big trunk which Miss Shoemaker threw open to show that it was half full of all sorts of women's high-heeled shoes. Mrs. Treadwell forced him into the trunk, face down, and the two women piled more shoes in on top of him, then slammed the lid in place.

He felt high heels and buckles and pointed toes all around him, jabbing him, poking into his arms and ribs and legs and buttocks. He tried position after position but all were miserable. He smelled the fragrance of leather and perfume and the feet of the women who had worn these shoes. He realized that, as Mrs. Treadwel had propelled him toward the trunk he'd instinctively walked on his toes.

His fingers felt the kids and patent leathers, the plastics and the satins of the shoes, traced heels their length, felt the pointed and the baby doll toes, the leather and fabric and metal of the heels and an occasional rhinestone one. "Women's shoes," he thought. "Entombed amid women's shoes." And he breathed the fragrance and felt himself being bruised by the coun less shoes that women had worn packed all around him.

Was it a few minutes? Was it hours before the trunk lid was released? Terry couldn't tell All he knew was that the room was in darkness and he sensed people about him when he heard the click and the pressure of his back against the trunk top raised the lid.

Painfully, he extricated himself from his prison of women's shoes, and worked his bruised and racked body out of the trunk. He noted that his feet were still sore when he stood on the floor on his toes.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Treadwell," he said into the darkness. "I apologize, Miss Shoemaker." He heard giggles all around him and remembered his shameful attire.

Panic siezed him and he tried to work his way in the darkness to the closet where he might hide. But his fingers as they groped felt a silken dress and then something hard and sharp hit his shin. "Ouch!" he yelled. And he darted off in another direction. His hand encountered a bare, soft arm and again he was kicked. Next he touched a silken leg and felt another kick. A velvet skirt and still another kick.

"Please," he begged, "please don't humiliat me more than this."

From his left he heard Mrs,.Treadwell's voice. "Welcome, Terry, to the monthly meeting of the Boot and Shoe Society. The girls have all been briefed on what has gone before. Would you girls care to see him now?"

From all sides girls and womens voices called our, "Yes, let's see him.""Let's continue his training." "I'll bet he's a perfect dear." "Let *me* have a crack at him!" And the like.

Then, blindingly, the lights went on.

Shame -- searing, painful shame -- gripped Terry as he found himself standing beside the trunk in the middle of a dozen attractive women. His hand darted to his throat and he felt the big bow of his smock had come undone. Senselessly he tied it and opened the sides of the bow wide. The women screamed with laughter. He considered, then rejected, the idea of getting back inside the trunk. He saw the closet and started to run toward it when the women all called out in chorus "Submit!"

The post hypnotic suggestion had its effect and he found himself on his knees crawling around the circle kissing all the feet held out to him.

Writhing with humiliation at so many people witnessing his degraded state, Terry crawled on hands and knees around the circle, raising foot after foot, cradling it tenderly, and kissing each.

Never in his life had Terry dreamed of so great a variety of types of shoes as he saw here.

A tall, blonde woman with long hair sweeping out over her shoulders was wearing golden Grecian sandals to go with her handsomely draped white jersey gown belted in gold.

A petite, vivacious redhead in green chiffon wore shoes of green satin to match the green satin stole and sash of her gown.

A striking, dark woman of Negroid features with gleaming black hair worn in a bun on the back of her neck was dressed in flawlessly fitting riding boots with extremely high heels and spurs, white leather riding breeches and a full-sleeved white satin blouse with open neck. At her waist was a belt that fitted her snugly, at least five inches wide.

A heavy gray-haired woman with flawless complexion, heavily made-up eyes and tightly corseted figure wore a black satin gown that hugged her figure tightly to below the knees and heavy rhinestone jewelry. Her shoes consisted of extremely high-heeled soles from which emerged a series of patent leather straps that held the shoes tightly to her feet.

A Spanish-looking girl with darkly made-up eyes, vivid red lips, long gold hoop earrings, a white peasant blouse that hung from the outer corners of her shoulders and revealed more than it hid of her remarkable figure, and a red taffeta, ruffled skirt of great fullness, wore shoes with platform soles at least four inches thick and heels that must have been fully seven inches high. They were of red kid and they seeme fluorescent in coloring.

A sinuous, slender girl with live and springy brown hair worn in ringlets, high cheekbones and small, perfectly-formed breasts wore a black crepe dress that molded her figure excitingly and seemed perfectly matched to the black suede pumps she wore. They were held in place with silver chains.

A gamin with pert face and pixyish hairdo wore a tight brown jersey sweater, brown suede culottes, and thong sandals that had the thong emerging alongside her big toe and then binding around her ankles and around the high heel of the shining brown kid sandals she wore.

A remarkably coiffed blonde with huge butterfly glasses, a silver lame gown and matching gloves that reached to her shoulders was wearin silver slippers with a transparent, rhinestone-covered heel that was dazzling to behold.

A Chinese girl with a black satin gown of high neck, frogs, side-slit, brocaded in red an gold wore towering clogs that bound her feet in the same fabric as her dress and must have been most painful to wear, although her imperturbabl features didn't show them.

A Polynesian girl in a red satin sarong, a red hibiscus in her hair, possessor of the softest and most beautiful light brown eyes imaginable, wore intricately carved shoes without hee but with a back-thrust to the sole that supported her in the backless red and black leather she wore.

A strong-faced girl with sleek, short-crop hair, a mannish suit of tweed, no make-up, wore woolen knee socks and shoes that would have bee those of a man were it not for their three-inch, sturdy leather heels.

Then there was a tall woman in a dress of red, green and brown tie silk in a paisley pattern who wore shoes of matching fabric but they had one sole and one wide heel for the two feet and she was obviously enjoying being imprisoned in them.

Miss Shoemaker had changed to a black velve suit worn over a white satin blouse and she had a hat in the two fabrics to match. She was wearing knee-height boots held in place by a series of tiny straps each secured by a small pearl button. The shoes were of black kid.

Finally Terry came to his employer, Mrs. Treadwell, wearing a high-necked, long-sleeved gown of soft black kid, matching gloves and headband, and braided black leather earrings.

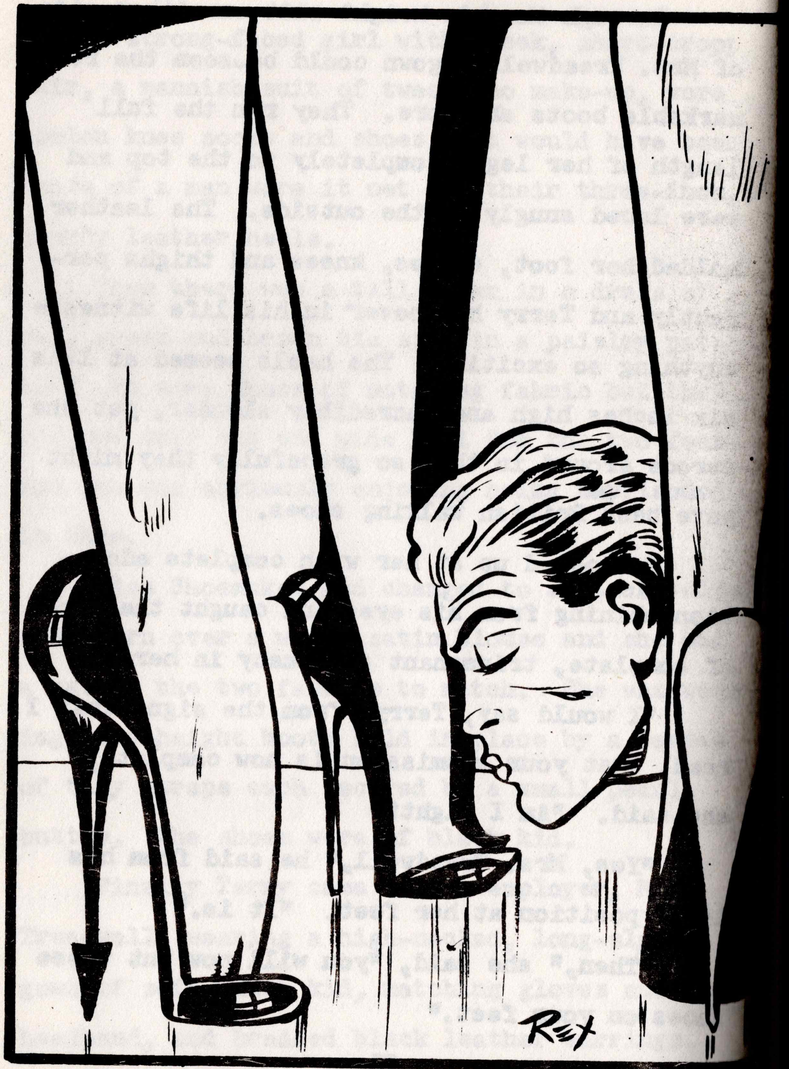
Through the hip-height slit on either side of Mrs. Treadwell's gown could be seen the remarkable boots she wore. They ran the full length of her legs, completely to the top and were laced snugly on the outside. The leather molded her foot, calves, knees and thighs perfectly and Terry had never in his life witnesse anything so exciting. The heels seemed at leas six inches high and incredibly slender, yet she strode around in them so gracefully they might have been British walking shoes.

He looked up at her with complete adoration shining from his eyes and caught the look of complete, triumphant supremacy in hers.

"I would say, Terry, from the signs that I read, that your submission is now complete," she said. "Am I right?"

"Yes, Mrs. Treadwell," he said from his lowly position at her feet. "It is."

"Then," she said, "you will now put these shoes on your feet."



She held out to him a pair of open-toed shoes with a thin sole, low-cut sides, a narrow leather band about the back of the heel and the heels of the shoes were fully four inches high. Almost eagerly he siezed them and lovingly slipped his nyloned feet into them. Before he could attempt to rise, though, Mrs. Treadwell ordered him to extend a foot up to her. She wrapped a long, dog's choke collar under the shank of the shoe and over his instep, around the heel and around the back of his foot, then fixed it securely into place with a small, very strong padlock. Then she did likewise with his other foot.

The women chortled gleefully at his pained efforts to stand in these remarkable shoes and laughed heartily when he fell as he endeavored to walk. Again and again he staggered a few steps and lost his balance, always to roars of feminine laughter.

Eventually he just laid on the floor and cried in bitter frustration.

As though this was a signal, all the women moved their chairs forward and rested their feet on him, Mrs. Treadwell moving the woman with the single-soled pair of shoes in with the others.

Nobody said a word. Terry's hands found the shoes, one pair at a time, and fondled them, stroking them lovingly. He kissed them, rubbed his face against them, stroked the shoes and the wearers' legs in a wild ecstasy of delight. His heart began pounding faster. He felt his temple throbbing. Then things went red and black behin his eyes and he passed out.

CHAPTER IV

Was it a dream or did he actually hear the voices of the women singing the strangely catchy song? The words swam into his consciousness:

"A man belongs at the feet of a woman.
"It's there he pays homage due to her.
"He rises only when he does her bidding.
"His only rights are that he may defer.
"On our high heels we rise above the male.
"It gives us joy to see him humbly crawl.
"He dares not stand unless it's at our wish
"The man who yiels must needs surrender all

His eyes fluttered open and now he laid on low table and the women stood in a tight circle around him. They had removed his smock and put a pair of short, full-legged black satin pants on him that didn't quite reach to his knees.

He raised his hands and found tiny shoes laced tightly onto them; the shoes were high-heeled. He felt as though he was something being sacrificed, especially when, at the conclusion of the song he felt the pressure of women's feet on him from all sides.

"I'm glad you finally woke up, Terry," Mrs. Treadwell said. "You missed a good part of our meeting, but fortunately you'll be able to part cipate in the final ceremonies."

Dazed and bewildered he struggled to a sitting position and he realized that his thumbs w in the heels of the shoes laced on his hands, t heels being hollow, while his fingers were in t toes of them.

"Turn over, face down," Mrs. Treadwell ord He obeyed. Then, one by one, the women stood o him, their ankles against his ears, their shoes under his face except for thw woman in the sing soled pair of shoes who was carried in front of him for him to bury his face in the tops of her shoes.

"Now raise yourself to a kneeling position Mrs. Treadwell said. "Each of these women who care to will perform a dance step in front of you and you will repeat them with the shoes on your hands."

Then, in a nightmarish sequence, the women proceeded to dance before Terry. Ten volunteere to do dance steps for him to the sound of a record player. His elbows seemed in his way and he was acutely aware of the difference between their manner of bending and those of the human knee as he clumsily tried to repeat a tango and a waltz, a tap number and a ballet performance complete with arabesques and the various foot positions. He did well with a highland fling, but failed miserably in his efforts to emulate an oriental interpretative dance. There were ten dances in all.

When it was over, Miss Shoemaker freed his hands from the shoes on them and rubbed circulation back into them.

The women next ordered Terry to kneel befo them and shine, suede brush or clean their shoe one pair at a time. How exciting it was for hi to perform these ministrations to the array of lovely women gathered around him!

He hated to have the job come to an end, especially when he realized that the last assignment was to apply polish by hand to Mrs. Treadwell's lovely boots and polish them thoroughly with a soft cloth. As he was nearing completion of this task Mrs. Treadwell asked the women: "Did he do a perfect job?"

There was a bevy of voices pointing out tiny areas that might have had more polish and the women gathered all around him.

"I'm afraid, Terry, that you're due to be punished for this," Mrs. Treadwell said. She threw a satin pillow onto the low table from which he had just climbed and ordered him to put his face into it. He obeyed and she planted the arch of her right boot over his neck, pinioning him in this helpless position. "Lock your fingers over my instep," she commanded him.

Then the women took tumns spanking Terry on the satin seat of his pants. One by one they straddled his legs and rested their skirts on his back, then proceeded to pound out tattoos on the rump that emerged between their legs. At first it was a pleasurable little experience but then, with repeated spankings on the same spot and the women endeavoring to outdo each other the pain increased until toward the end it was excrutiating and Terry sobbed his misery and discomfort into the satin pillow. But the spankings continued, sometimes with bare hands, sometimes, he suspected, with something considerably harder on him and less painful to th spanker.

When the spanking finally ended, Terry was ordered to go around the room kissing the hands of all the women who had spanked him.

"There were ten dances, Terry," Mrs. Treadwell then told the young man as the pain in his buttocks settled down to a dull throbbing. "Now how many of these can you execute in those shoes chained to your feet?"

He made the effort, but he could barely

totter around on the four-inch heels and each of the women who had done the dances for him, in turn, denied that he had satisfactorily duplicated her dance step.

"I'm afraid, then, Terry," his employer concluded, "that you'll have to take on all ten as your unit of punishment. Each of these women have ten toes. You will now proceed to remove their shoes, hang their stockings around your neck, suck each of their toes until they tell you that you have done a satisfactory job, then put their stockings back on them. This applies to all twelve members of our society you have met this evening. Then Miss Shoemaker and I will inform you about the additional plans we have for you."

So Terry proceeded to take the golden Grecian sandals off the tall blonde, remove her nylons and, starting with the little toe of he left foot suck and tongue each toe, in turn, u til he reached the little toe of her right foo

He followed the same procedure, in turn, with the green satin shoes of the redhead, the riding boots of the Negress, the patent leather strapped shoes of the woman in the black satin gown, the platform soled shoes of the Spanish girl and the silver-chained black suede pumps of the slender brownette. His lips and tongue sought their tasks with increasing eagerness an expertness as he continued with this unusual punishment. It was with the greatest reluctanc that he put hose on each of the women, allievia only by his knowledge that there were more wome to come.

The thong sandals of the gamin were next and then the silver slippers of the dazzling bl The Chinese girl's tortured feet were a fascinating experience for Terry and the freedom of the red satin saronged Polunesian's feet were i remarkable contrast. The mannish girl's sturdy feet seemed equally inviting and Terry hated t hear the woman in the paisley tie silk say

"Enough," as he tongued and kissed and sucked the toes just freed from their bondage.

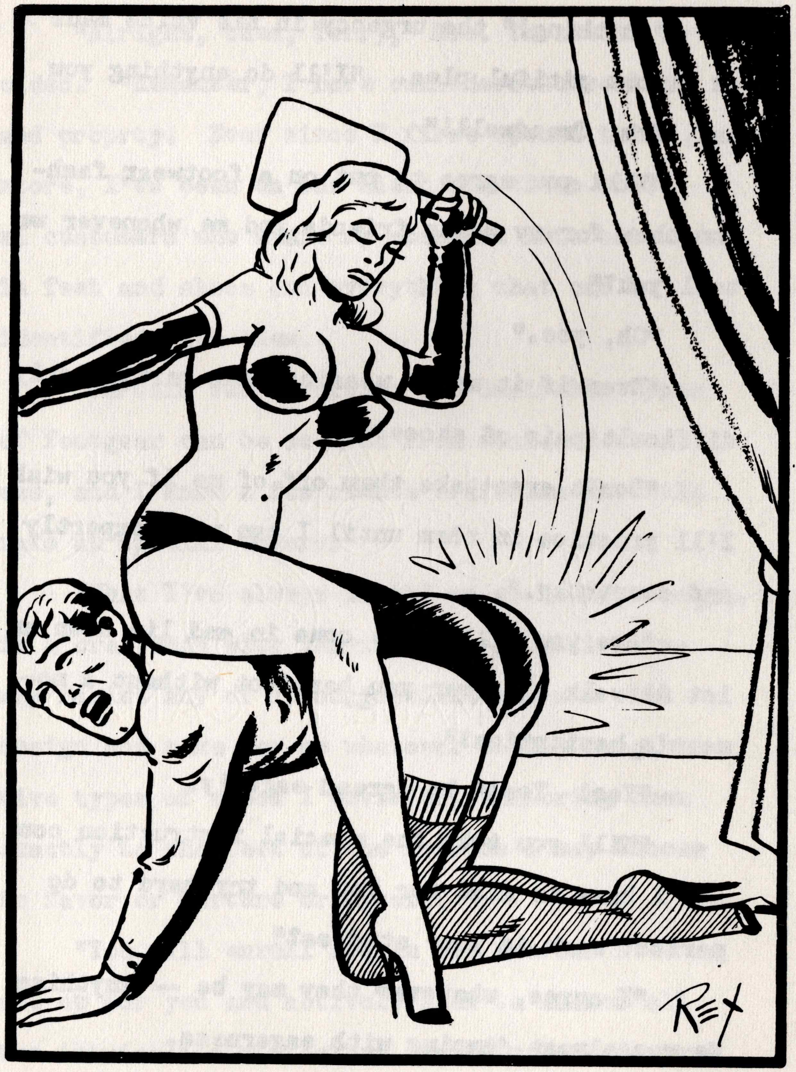
As he completed his attentions to each woman she left the room and, using the back entrance, the store.

Then they were gone, all except Miss Shoemaker and Mrs. Treadwell. Terry looked around and saw that all the women had left the shoes they'd worn for this meeting behind them. Excitedly he looked at the two women, then at the shoes.

"Yes, Terry," Miss Shoemaker told him smilingly, her voice gentle, "they left them behind Mrs. Treadwell and I have decided that you will be the footwear custodian of the Boot and Shoe Society."

His chest heaved heavily as he regarded this new responsibility. "Does this mean — may I...attend further meetings of the Society?"

"That depends entirely on how well you conduct yourself from now on," Mrs,.Treadwell said.



"Anything!" the urgency in his voice made i an almost pitiful plea. "I'll do anything you say, Mrs. Treadwell!"

"Will you agree to put on a footwear fashion show for my woman friends and me whenever we tell you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Even if it means wearing that particularl difficult pair of shoes?"

"Don't even take them off of me if you wis I'll practice in them until I can walk expertly and correctly."

"Are you willing to come in and lie down a let me walk all over you barefoot without a moment's hesitation?"

"Yes! Yes!" he agreed eagerly.

"Will you take the special instruction cou ses I have in mind for you and try hard to do perfect work in your studies?"

"I agree, whatever they may be -- anything. He was almost jumping with eagerness.

"Alright, then, Terry," Mrs. Treadwell decided. "Remember, I have considerable wealth and proprty. Ever since I first opened this store, I've been on the alert for those unusual customers who share my abnormal interests in feet and shoes and everything that can be identified with them.

"Certain very exciting and desirable types of footgear can be secured from standard sources, and I know a few remote craftsmen who will make up special orders.

"What I've always wanted on my staff, though, is a craftsman with imagination who will in no way resist any of my suggestions and who will design and make for me whatever wildly imaginative types of shoes I envision, tailoring them exactly to the feet of the friends I may choose to favor or torture or myself.

"You will enroll now in the courses I've set up for you and actively seek to master all the intricacies of leather finishing and design heel sculpturing and craftsmanship. You will know how to create a shoe from a description or a simple sketch and you will carry out all my unusual wishes along these lines."

Terry's eyes were shining and he was smiling broadly at these suggestions.

"Miss Shoemaker has joined my employ now, Terry, and will serve as my number one assistant. I am sending her along to shoe design school with you. I may as well also tell you that she finds you not unattractive, especially when you're in high heels and submitting tp her exceedingly strong will. Perhaps, through this prolonged exposure to each other, she may choose to continue your relationship with all the legal niceties taken care of."

He thought, with surging feelings, of those lovely eyes, that rich, exciting voice, and his whole being trembled with anticipation.

"Mrss Treadwell," he said, "I'm certain nobody on earth is happier than I am right now."

There followed months of study, of leathers and fabrics, boxings and counters, new plastics and fastenings, buttons and laces and buckles and zippers, leather and wooden and metal and plastic heels.

There were many weeks spent studying the construction of the human foot, its action and bone placement, the degree to which it could be bent without serious damage and the methods of fitting it perfectly.

Scientific knowledge was acquired about the tanning and processing of leathers, the dyes and ornamentation, the use of irons as a term for thicknesses of soles, methods of gluing and stitching, molding and forming the materials that go into shoes.

Far into the night Terry and his lovely guardian worked studying footwear fashions down through the ages. Photographs and sketches soon began to fill whole shelves of volumes and the range of ideas shown here was wide.

Everything that ever adorned the human foot -- the metal shoes worn by knights and the high-heeled boots of the cowboys, the satin mules all feather-trimmed and the gilly ties of yesteryear, the baby doll four inch heeled shoes of the 30s with their short rounded toes and the belled shoes with upcurling pointed toes of ancient Turkey -- on and on the styles rolled.

Their study method was unique, too. Miss Shoemaker was a stern taskmaster. After a hard day at the bench or in class, Terry was not permitted to go to sleep before the early hours of the morning. Sometimes, to prevent his even contemplating escape, his ankle was manacled to hers and he was compelled to wear one of the wardrobe of bizarre footgear they gradually acquired through their own manufacturing or purchases.

And as their knowledge of the subject increased, so did their knowledge of each other. And with it grew a very special sort of love.

At last the study and research period was completed and the attractive couple returned to Mrs. Treadwell's. There, to their delight, they found that an isolated private residence had been purchased and equipped for their use. All the machinery and facilities they had requested were in waiting and hundreds of skins of all colors and textures and types of leathers they found desirable lay in waiting for Terry's patterns and knives.

This, Mres. Treadwell told them, was to be the new, permanent headquarters for the Boot and Shoe Society. Their recruitment program had continued while the two were away and now both men's and women's divisions were in operation.

Now designs of the most bizarre form took concept on Terry's drawing board and emerged from his workshop ready to be worn by the men and women for whom they were tailored.

The fragrance of leather and the excitement of fitting it perfectly and excitingly to the member's feet delighted Terry and occupied his long working hours.

One night, after six more men had been subjected to treatment not unlike that Terry experienced at his first session with the Boot and Shoe Society and sent home with their feet chained into high-heeled shoes, Miss Shoemaker again looked long and deeply into Terry's eyes and he felt himself going limp.

"Tell me exactly what's on your mind," she commanded.

"I want to spend the rest of my life in complete submission to your every whim, adorning your feet in the most exciting of shoes, dressing and serving you. I want to marry you and be your slave."

Her eyes softened and she looked tenderly at the high-heeled man.

Even in this controlled state he knew that his wish would be granted.

THE END